

# WESTERN PEOPLE

Supplement to The Western Producer

Nov. 30, 2000

A man with a beard and glasses, wearing a green long-sleeved shirt and blue overalls, is painting a mural on a wall. He is holding a paintbrush in his right hand and a palette in his left. The mural depicts a woman in a yellow jacket and blue jeans. The man is standing on a wooden platform, and the wall is made of concrete blocks. The floor is covered with a red and white checkered pattern.

**PAINTING BIG**



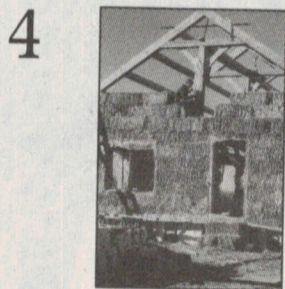
# WESTERN PEOPLE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; ISSUE NO. 1,072

BOX 2500, SASKATOON, SASK. S7K 2C4

## 3 Humor

— A thousand cuts.



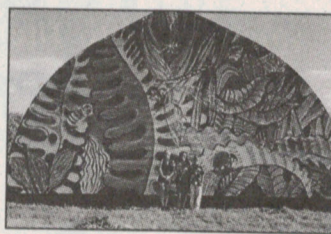
## House of Straw

— Darryl Brunger is one of those resourceful people who would manage to survive the apocalypse.

## 6 Two Memories

— By Ina Gifford Van Dyck and Margaret Lees.

## 8



## Cover Story

— Muralist Michael Gaudet thinks big.

## 10 History

— How Haney, B.C. came about.

## 11 Prairie Nights

— Stargazing in December.

## 12 Prairie Wildlife

— Doug Gilroy's nature column.

## 13 KiDSPiN!

— Art and activities for youth.

## 15 Puzzles and Mailbox

## Foreclosure

Isn't used to talking about his problems  
Words slow and hesitant,  
the condemned man taking his time  
over his last meal  
Silence of morning in the window  
sun behind the house spills into  
purple alfalfa  
whale shaped white clouds  
swim in the sky

When he talks about losing the farm,  
the bank auctioning his herd  
he chews on monosyllabic language  
debit, credit, bank, broke, Bang!  
his hand squashes a fly  
on the pine table  
like a hammer on the head of a nail  
driving the wings into the wood

— Allan Safarik

## COVER PHOTO

Muralist Michael Gaudet. Photo by Sheila Robertson. Story, page 8.

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## Dear Reader

"Darryl Brunger is one of those resourceful people who would manage to survive the apocalypse," it says in the blurb for page 4 about four inches north of here.

I admire the Darryl Brungers of the world, while secretly hating them. While he's building a house out of straw using a chisel and mallet, I'm trying to figure out how to unplug the bathroom sink drain. While he powers his straw house with solar energy, I pay a large corporation an unseemly amount of money to pump poison gas into my wooden house. While he practises holistic healing, I hold

an unshakable belief in the divine power of aspirin and Scotch. While he plays the violin, I operate a CD player. While he studied anthropology and philosophy in college, I scribbled journalistic bits that were quickly forgotten.

If that pesky apocalypse were to strike, Darryl Brunger would roll up his sleeves a little farther and go to work on his new age Ark — a teleportation device that would deliver the meritocracy to a cozy planet in some corner of the Milky Way far removed from Don Cherry.

What would I do? Go down to the 7-Eleven to see if they had any Kraft Dinners left. There would be swarms of people doing the same thing. There would be no Kraft

Dinners. There would be no 7-Eleven. It would have been crushed to dust by the angry mob, crying out for the government to "do something." But anyone in government who could do anything would be hightailing it to Darryl Brunger's place, trying to hitch a ride on his Ark.

So be it. My little projects will forever be a little wobbly. The wallpaper seams will show, the carpet won't quite reach the wall, the beer will explode in the bottle. At least I can look back on it all and quote Ashleigh Brilliant: "I don't have any solution but I certainly admire the problem."

*Michael Gillgannon*



# A...really...close shave

Humor by Ron Montgomery

**D**o you recollect your first shave? I can't say that I do, but I do recall the vast array of shaving lotions and shaving equipment considered vital in staying manly. Some of those lotions would knock the socks off any self-respecting man. They were potent. As for the razors, they could be lethal in the wrong hands.

The standard razor of my day was the type where a blade was placed on the head of this surgical looking, finely crafted apparatus. After brushing a nice, frothy layer of soap onto your face, you would proceed to cut off every pimple and skin protrusion in sight, including the odd hair or two. My younger years were fraught with pimple distress, so my entire face would start bleeding profusely in no time.

I think one of the main reasons young men took up smoking in those days was to have a ready supply of cigarette papers on hand to stem the daily blood letting. It was gruesome, and warnings that the throat area was prone to shave-damage leakage didn't help my peace of mind. It took nearly a year of fearful shaving and constant checking for coffee leaks to clear up that myth.

As if that weren't ridiculous enough, you would finish the ritual by patting on a liberal dose of after-shave lotion. Initially, I wasn't aware that one had to remain manly through all stages of the daily shave. My shrieks of agony were soon replaced by the shave-lotion-stomp. This was a two-fold exercise. First, you had to remove the two dozen pieces of cigarette paper which had now dried and were securely implanted upon the wounds. This hurt a bit. Then came the shaving lotion slather. This hurt big-time and your body reaction was fast, furious and natural. Both feet would stomp in time

to a frantic head bob, while you would slowly pivot about with eyes scrunched shut, teeth clenched and agonized wheezes of air expelling around and through those clenched



Kurt Hofmann

teeth. Now that really hurt, but gosh you looked good. And my, what a nice manly scent.

I have no idea what type of shaving lotion was available during those youthful shaves. It may well have been a blended mixture of turpentine and boiled lilacs. As time progressed, my favorite and reliable standby was Old Spice. It smelled reasonably good, could be purchased at most stores and was within a normal working person's budget. But it was also up against some mighty stiff competition. There were shaving lotions out there that portrayed their users as being masters of martial arts or perhaps even a real man among common men. The brand names were for the most part a complete mystery to me, but price was my primary guideline. Since shaving

lotions made a great present, most men had and likely still have a tremendous variety on hand. As a result, family members would never quite know who might preside over the breakfast table. He could be a brute of a man, a judo expert, a cool dude exuding surreal confidence or simply an old sailor.

Some of those after-shave lotions were far too heady, especially if applied liberally. Those with allergies could be reduced to a quivering sneeze puddle around some of those men among men. Chances are, they purchased their supplies in bulk and simply dunked their heads in the containers. Whew, it was devastating. Nowadays, a slight whiff of scent is more in vogue.

Years ago, I moved to the electric razor. Unfortunately, this wasn't a smooth transition. My first one, a fairly inexpensive model, possessed carnivorous traits. It liked neck meat in particular and would chew merrily away, completely ignoring my rejuvenated shrieks of agony. I assumed this was how all electric razors operated, so for quite some time my neck bore a remarkable resemblance

to that of a lustful male turkey. The daily shave became a dreaded ritual and instead of after-shave lotion, I resorted to soothing talc or medicinal powders. Following this treatment, my neck area looked like that of a lustful male turkey that had gotten into the flour bin.

None of this helped my fragile ego while I was pursuing my sweetheart's affections. In fact, the lustful male turkey portrayal created a major attitude setback with the parents-in-law. They used to farm and were quite aware of the intentions and morals attributed to lustful male turkeys.

After I finally bought a new electric razor, my neck returned to normal and, as in all romantic stories, the boy ended up with the girl. It was purely amazing, all thanks to the daily shave. ■■





Darryl Brunger with son Ethan, 2, shows off the living room of his straw house at Woodlands, Man.

# Getting it done the Brunger way

By Karen Morrison

**T**ristan Brunger is scrambling about the green tiled floor scooping a pair of new kittens into a bucket. His brother Ethan, nose running onto his bulky sweater, toddles after him, eager to feed a cinnamon bun Grandma baked to the captives.

The soiled breakfast dishes and a jug of milk remain on the table, as their mother Monique gets ready for another day in Winnipeg, an hour away, supervising a group home for the disabled.

Her husband Darryl Brunger worked in the same field for 12 years and that's where a girl, 27, from Ste. Anne and a guy, 31, from Woodlands met, married and started a life in the western Interlake.

Her departure leaves Brunger tending to preschoolers inside and outdoors, a donkey, goat, dog and the

"lawn mowers" (sheep).

"None are just for agricultural purposes," said the longtime animal lover. "I never did acquire cats, they just sort of found me."

Speaking above the kids' din, he shows off the family home, a straw house he built himself that he hopes will be the cornerstone of a business that will keep him here.

He called the Woodlands community a quiet, stable one, where most grow feed and keep animals. "Growing up, my home box was Box 7. When I applied for a new box, it was Box 8. That tells you."

The family moved into the 24- by 28-foot house in June, 1999, having lived across the yard in a traditional sided house, now used for storage. Eighteen-inch thick walls, rough hewn plaster walls, brown-stained timbers and vaulted ceilings mixed with assorted antiques give the illusion of a home

from the last century. That contrasts sharply with the refrigerator, fax, computer, telephone and TV.

It took Brunger five years to build this house using a chisel and a home-made mallet nicknamed The Equalizer. Wood frames the house and accents the interior, with wheat straw bales stacked like Lego to form the walls. Stucco wire sewn into the bales supports the rugged Adobe-style plastered walls.

It isn't finished. The upstairs loft has a floor but not walls to keep furniture from falling to the kitchen and living rooms below. The bathroom is curtained off from the front entrance but visible from the top of the stairwell, as is the kitchen from the bedrooms.

"Once you move in, you're not as motivated to keep going," Brunger explained, rationalizing that he's "letting the house evolve with the people that live in it."

More to the point, he is waiting until



he has money to finish it. "I haven't dug myself into a hole to get started," he said, noting he has paid most costs through teaching and consulting on similar building projects and by using recycled materials.

The timbers come from a 1940s-era barn he demolished, while the bathroom walls were built from an old hay wagon.

"The construction is very simple, but labor intensive," he explained. Employing an "Amish" barn raising or enticing friends with rewards of beer, he said it can be assembled quite quickly. "Apparently I don't have many friends 'cause I am still working on my house."

**T**he benefits of straw houses are in low building costs (his house cost about \$40,000), high insulation values at R40-50 and in using a renewable, inexpensive and readily available resource.

Neatly stacked bales are visible from the kitchen windows that look out at his fields. He rents out the hayland on his 60-acre property, half of which is bush.

He used trial and error to hone his own building techniques. He consults regularly with an architect to stay ahead of rapidly evolving straw bale building techniques.

There are drawbacks to this type of construction and the weather is a big one. The stucco cannot dry in temperatures below -4°. Brunger is also only able to work on days or weekends when his wife is home to mind the kids.

This fall, he was working on a garage project to the north at Belair. He hopes to make his business, The Wizard and The Strawman, his full-time preoccupation by next summer.

The couple's other goal is to establish a bed and breakfast here, appealing in large part to those interested in "sustainable lifestyles."

Their home is heated by a wood stove and employs a composting toilet that uses peat and vents out through



Straw bales are stacked like Lego to form walls.

a roof stack. The compostable material is later used as garden fertilizer.

Solar panels charge up batteries that in turn power the house. (Marketing solar energy systems and compostable toilet is another business sideline for Brunger.) This day, the power is out due to a lightning strike so the backup generator is fired up to run the computer to tame the animated Tristan.

"I draw my inspiration from my father," said Brunger, whose late father

ran a mixed farm here. He grew up with a farmer's "fix it yourself" mentality and strong work ethic.

He takes pride in quality and craftsmanship, explaining, "I won't do it shabby; it's got to be the best I can do."

He tried life for a while in the city, collecting a university degree in anthropology and studying philosophy. He returned to Woodlands and built himself a primitive log cabin in the bush with only a hatchet and bow saw.

"I'm kind of known for doing different things," admitted Brunger, who practises reiki, holistic healing that is believed to pass positive energy through the body by the laying on of hands. "I've always done and can only do things I believe in."

Bespectacled, with earrings in both ears, he is a classically trained musician who serves as music teacher to 12 students in violin, guitar and voice.

His own vocal range runs from yodeling to opera. An active member of the Manitoba Opera chorus, he has also performed with Doc Leonard's Road Apple Revue and Travelling Medicine Show and in a rock band.

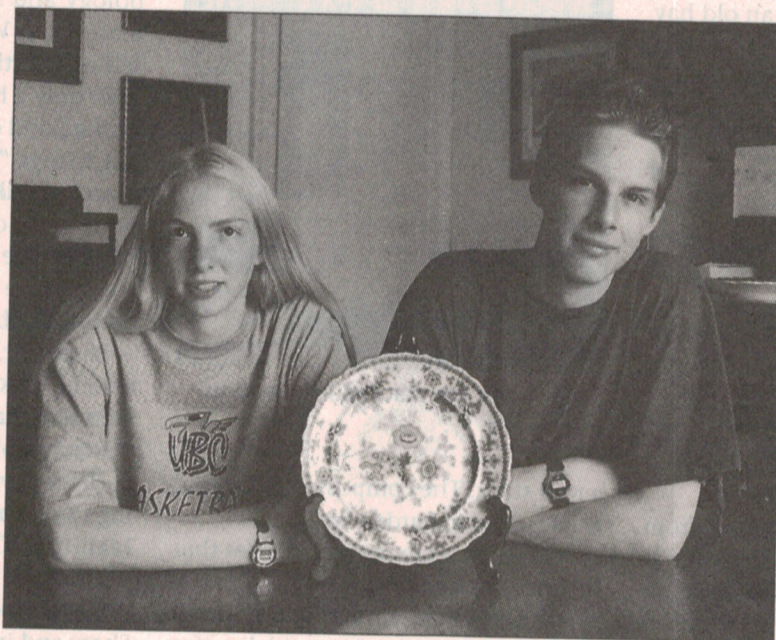
Promoting sustainable lifestyles is his current passion and one he is confident will soon develop a strong following: "I know from experience if I follow my heart, it works out best," he said. "I feel I was meant to do this."



Brunger prefers life in the country amid a menagerie of pets.



# The inheritance



Stephen and Carolyn Horsley and the blue plate.

Memory by Ina Gifford Van Dyck

Grandma Elizabeth Elder was a great old gal, but that phrase would never have been spoken in her house. That was slang and slang, especially from a child, was unacceptable.

When I started to write about an incident in her life, I realized that Grandma was one of those about whom it might be asked, "Why do bad things happen to good people?" We all know good people who have experienced bad things. Grandma was one of them. She lost two daughters; Bessie at age 31 to cancer and Agnes from what almost amounted to abduction. Then she found herself, at 50, uprooted from her home in Scotland and transported to the harsh life of a pioneer on the inhospitable and interminable Canadian Prairies where the family almost froze to death during the long, severe winter of 1907.

I suppose her bad luck began when she had to stay at home to care for her parents until they died. Elizabeth was born in Scotland in 1855 and the main reason for having daughters at that time was so that they could look after you in your old age. Eventually, her parents died and Elizabeth and her longtime swain, John Elder, after a discreet period of mourning, hurried off to the altar.

Setting up housekeeping from scratch was no easier then than it is now. They hitched up the horse and buggy and went back to her old home to claim some of her parents' possessions. The claim was denied! Elizabeth's brother, James, had married, and naturally he was the heir to all that their parents had possessed. He simply told his sister there was nothing for her. She couldn't believe it. In order to assuage his guilt, James handed her a single blue-patterned plate. That was to be her inheritance. She took it and left, and I am left curious about their relationship from then on.

Grandma's first son, my uncle, John Elder Jr., was born in 1885. Five more children quickly followed. The Elders prospered until Grandpa made an unfortunate investment, not with his own money, but as the executor of a substantial estate. His investment was in one of those famous bubbles that eventually burst. The estate was wiped out. Legally, Grandpa was not required to make compensation, but he felt obligated to do so. By this time, John Jr. was a strapping 20 and his brother, James, was going on 18. The broadside advertising that had invaded Scotland, extolling the virtues and wealth of Western Canada, was beginning to look appealing to the family.

John and Elizabeth Elder decided to immigrate with their family of five to Canada. Now, as I men-



tioned, they actually had six children, but Agnes, the eldest daughter, did not go with them. In fact, she had lived only briefly with the family. This rupture in the family circle had happened when she was only a year old. Grandma and Grandpa's home was in the turmoil of renovation for a time and it was decided the toddler would be better off out of the way. Thus, Grandpa's sister, Helen, cared for Agnes on her farm. However, when Grandpa went there to retrieve Agnes, his sister demurred, persuading him to leave her there a little while longer. Although Grandmother was dismayed by the situation, the outcome was that Agnes never did rejoin her family.

To get back to the emigration: Grandpa spent the winter of 1904 building sturdy wooden crates for the things Grandma wanted for their new life in Canada. Thanks to his handiwork, even the careless handling on the dock at Saint John, New Brunswick did no damage to their precious belongings. The treasured old blue plate made the journey without receiving so much as a chip. It eventually occupied a place of honor in the china cabinet of the Elder homestead in Saskatchewan.

Decades later, my sister, Eva, became the plate's custodian, first in her home in Calgary and then in Richmond, B.C. However, Eva died at 53 and her husband, Earl, remarried. This sort of scenario can spell uncertainty for prized family possessions, particularly when two households are combining. Fortunately, Earl made a point of seeing that his and Eva's daughter, Glenna, received her share of family heirlooms, including the old plate.

The blue and white plate now enjoys a place in the china cabinet of Glenna's home in Vancouver. Her teenagers, Stephen and Carolyn, know its history or, as the antique dealers say, its provenance. They know it's more than just an old blue plate. To them it's special, their great-great-grandmother Elder's only inheritance. ■

*(Ina Gifford Van Dyck, who now lives in Toronto, was raised in rural Saskatchewan during the Depression. She is the author of a book about those years, *Beware of the Furrow that Shines*.)*

# Mrs. Johnson's treasures

Memory by Margaret Lees

I was about 10 years old when I and my younger sister, Jeannie, were taken hurriedly to Mrs. Johnson's because of an emergency at home. Her house was about a mile from ours, "across the line" in North Dakota.

Mrs. Johnson had a nice house. Her only daughter was married, and she and her semi-invalid husband led an orderly life. We children had visited Mrs. Johnson with our mother, and were invited to play when her grandchildren came to visit. Though we had wild and wonderful times playing hide and seek in the big barn, we couldn't be too rambunctious in the house, mainly because of the beautiful and delicate African violets on the windowsills and the large china cabinet with its array of fine chinaware.

Of special interest to Jeannie and me was the Blue Willow bone china tea set that Mrs. Johnson brought out only for meetings of the Ladies Aid. At every opportunity, Jeannie admired the delicate, stunning patterns on the dishes. At home, her scrapbook was adorned with crayoned pictures she'd made of Blue Willow cups. However, looking at the dishes through the spotless glass doors of the china cabinet was as close as any visiting children got to them.

On the evening that Jeannie and I had to stay at Mrs. Johnson's, Jeannie sat very close to me on a small settee in the kitchen, watching supper being prepared. My little sister had never been away from Mother overnight, and at the mention of where we would sleep, tears began to gather in her eyes. I made a special effort to cheer her up, singing silly songs, but to no avail. Mrs. Johnson's somewhat stern face softened with concern as she watched the little girl's downcast face and trembling lip.

When it was time for supper, Mrs. Johnson set out a platter of pancakes, with brown sugar and cream to put on them. She asked us to take our places at the table, then she went into the other room and, with quiet dignity, brought out her beautiful Blue Willow plates and placed one at each table setting. While we watched with quiet wonder, she went back for the special cups and saucers and set them down carefully beside our plates.

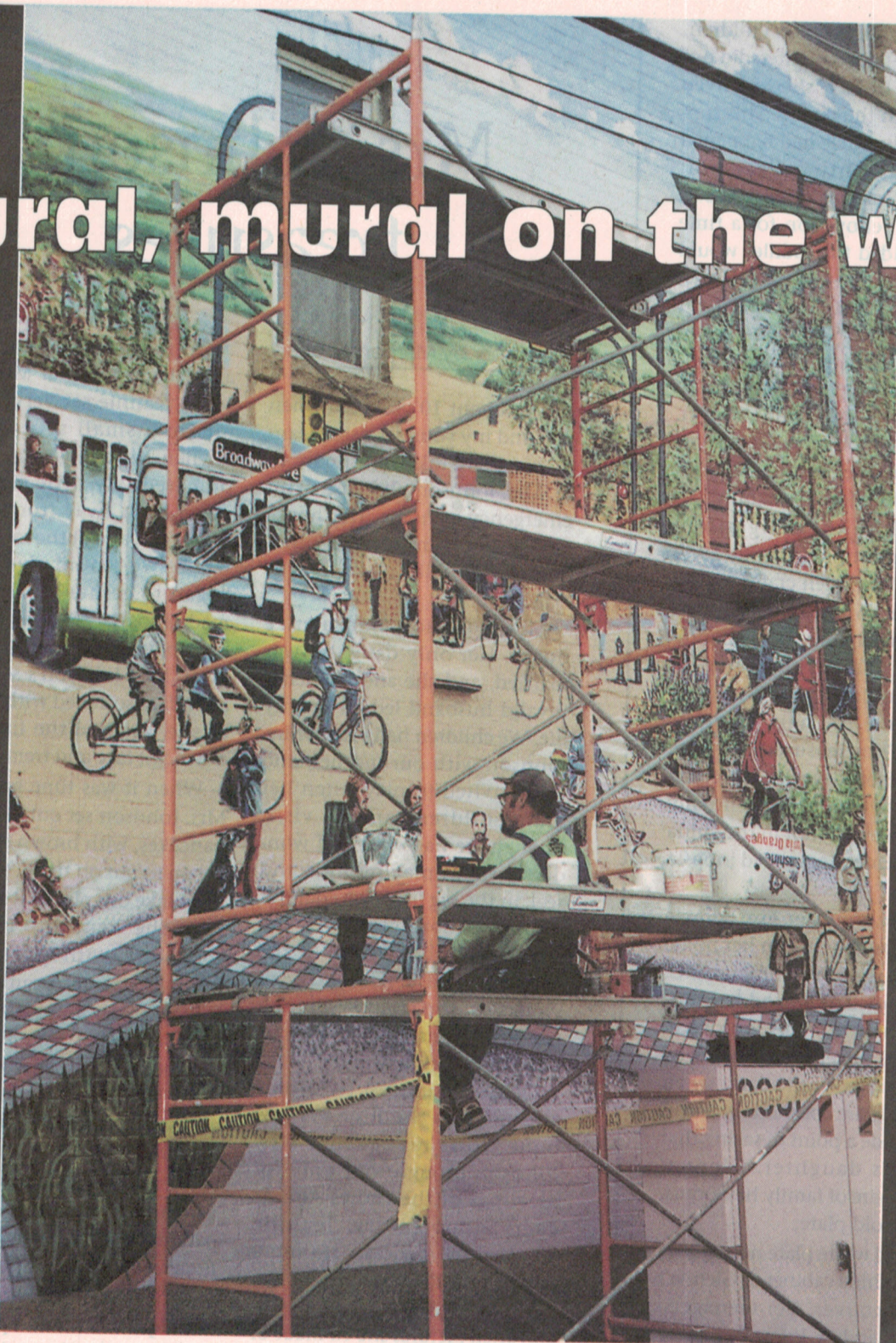
Jeannie's eyes danced with delight as she traced the intricate pattern on the china with a small finger. Her tears were gone.

Eating Mrs. Johnson's wonderful pancakes and sipping well sweetened tea from those treasured cups, two little farm girls truly felt like royalty. ■

*(Margaret Lees is a Regina writer.)*



# Mural, mural on the wall



Sheila Robertson

By Sheila Robertson

**I** feel like the Earl of Sandwich," joked Michael Gaudet, reaching from his perch on scaffolding to accept a cup of coffee from his partner and assistant, Sharon Gibson. He reminded us that the resourceful 18th-century nobleman had bread and

meat brought to him, creating the initial version of the sandwich, so he wouldn't have to leave his beloved gambling table to eat a meal.

Gaudet, who is based in the small resort community of Manitou Beach, Sask., was gambling with the weather and dwindling hours of daylight as he struggled to finish painting a mural,

commissioned for the side of a 1911 apartment block in the Broadway area of Saskatoon. The fall weather was holding, but if the temperature dipped below 11 degrees, the acrylic paint would "start to get gummy," he said.

By the time Gaudet and Gibson finished this mural, they had put 100 hours into it. The project, commis-



sioned by Jan Norris, the owner of the apartment block, presents her utopian dream of an environmentally aware Broadway district with pedestrians, cyclists and a pollution-free bus.

Norris, who is on the board of the Saskatchewan Environmental Society and the Sierra Club of Canada, has lived in big, urban areas like Toronto, New York and Los Angeles. She likes the clean prairie air and wants to keep it that way. She said her pet project is to encourage safe, inexpensive and pollution-free alternatives to private vehicles in the city.

Gaudet has painted more than 60 large murals since his first effort on an interior wall of a Toronto fitness centre in 1977, when he was 19. He is accustomed to turning clients' visions into reality, often on a scale as grande as this vibrant, 15-by-25-foot vista brushed over the bricks of the apartment building.

Often, he approaches the task by sketching out the design on paper. Using an overhead projector, he casts the image directly on the targeted wall and roughs in the major elements of the composition. He has worked on all sorts of surfaces: plaster, concrete, wood, metal. Although smooth plaster is the ideal surface, "Everything has to be sized and primed prior to painting with exterior latex and acrylics," Gaudet said.

Growing up in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, he was a child who was easily entertained. "A blank tear sheet and a pencil would do me just fine," he said. After high school, he studied for a couple of years at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax (notably under Eric Fischl, now an acclaimed New York figurative artist.) However, after a few years, he left school and began to look for painting commissions. "I couldn't wait to get out and conquer the world," he said.

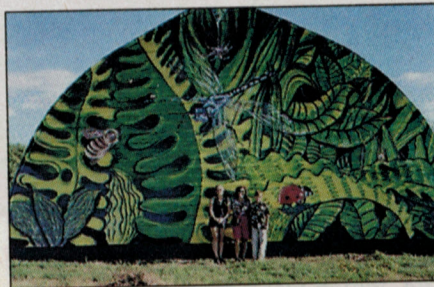
He painted murals in hospitals, restaurants and churches and designed stained-glass windows for a monastery in Ottawa. For two years, he worked as an apprentice with a liturgical architect and designer.

Then Gaudet proceeded to paint a swath across Canada, creating large-scale works in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. Among his projects is a mural at the

Hard Rock Café in Vancouver, painted in the *trompe l'oeil* ("trick of the eye") tradition. The piece blends convincing painted imagery with the tail end of an actual Second-World-War biplane mounted onto the wall. The plane appears to be flying into the wall, painted with clouds and sky.

Thirteen years ago, Gaudet settled in Saskatchewan. Especially in the last five years, he's been busy making his mark on any likely-looking blank wall he can find. It took some persuading to convince Dr. Ben Kessler to have the artist paint a mural on the side of his veterinary hospital in Watrous.

"Michael wanted that wall," Kessler



said wryly, "and finally I said 'OK, do whatever you have in mind.'"

What Gaudet had in mind was a landscape full of animals, reflecting Kessler's boyhood on the farm, south of Moose Jaw, through to his experiences tending large and small animals and managing a herd of 60 bison on a farm near Watrous. Finished in 1996, the mural is entitled *Ben's Life*. It features a cow that appears to be on the move, wrapping herself around a corner of the building. The barnyard panorama also includes chickens, dogs, birds, horses and pigs.

"It does some advertising for us, and kind of pretties everything up," Kessler said.

Gaudet has another mural in the dining room of the hotel in Plunkett, Sask. For this historical piece, he used vintage photos to recreate the community as it was during the early 1900s. A mural in a tiny café in Loreburn was designed to make the space seem larger. Gaudet has visually extended the carpet, walls, windows, even a wall shelf with a lamp on it, into the picture plane. It's hard to imagine the folks over in that corner of the room, gathered around the three small chrome tables,

never actually get up to pay their bills

Gaudet emphasized that mural painting "has peculiar considerations: it's not just making a large picture. I consider a mural to be a walk-in, parallel universe. There are lots of exciting things happening on that large a scale."

As an example, he cites *Good Bugz*, his 1999 mural featuring a gigantic dragonfly, a ladybug, a bumblee and other beneficial insects. The work is on a wooden quonset on a grain farm near Glenside, Sask. "From 200 feet away, you feel like you have your nose in the grass with the bugs," the artist said.

John and Jean Harrington approached Gaudet to paint their building after seeing the murals he did in Outlook. He, Gibson, and his daughter Ilara, now 11, completed several murals there under contract to the local arts council. One of them, *Oh Canola*, depicts Ilara in a chef's hat, preparing a salad with canola oil.

A mural project might take two weeks to complete, and costs "in the thousands—about the price of a decent second-hand vehicle," Gaudet said.

"Some of our neighbors think we're insane, spending money this way," Jean Harrington admitted. "But we like art and we'd talked for years about having a mural put on that quonset. We wanted something that would remind us about what's good about the farm."

Gaudet's design, featuring a bumblebee, spider and other insects, is meant to be "an invitation to a good harvest," he said, "just as cave drawings were invocations of a successful hunt."

Some of the elements, including the dragonfly with its 16-foot wingspan, were cut out separately from sheet metal and then bolted to the surface. "It's like applique," the artist said of the technique. Although his customary tools are brushes, he used spray paint for most of this mural, creating soft, blurry edges to each line.

"It looks like real bugs on a cartoon background," Harrington said, adding. "We just love it. You can see the beautiful colors from the road—it's become a landmark—but it's not until you get right into our little world that you can appreciate the whole thing. It looks wonderful in winter, all those greens and yellows with the white snow all around." ■



# Haney: the town, the man

**T**homas Haney was a man in the vanguard of colonization along the great southern British Columbia Fraser River during the 19th century. Cape Breton Island, discovered by John Cabot in 1497, is on the opposite Canadian coastline of where the Haney family left their legacy. Did the stories of the legendary John Cabot inspire Haney to go west to Sacramento, California, in search of business opportunities before buying land in what is now called Haney, B.C.?

Haney was born in the Aspy Valley of Cape Breton Island, N.S., on July 20, 1841, to Dennis and Bridget Haney. Thomas was the first of seven children. Thomas' father died by falling through ice while driving livestock home over a frozen lake when young Haney was only eight years old. His mother, Bridget, moved the family to Paris, Ont., to be with her family. Haney later quit school at the age of 15 to assist the family budget. He learned the brick making trade and became business partners in a brick making factory with two of his brothers in Paris.

Haney married Ann Callaghan before leaving Paris in 1873. Then he went in search of his own business opportunities in Sacramento, California before coming to Maple Ridge in British Columbia's Fraser Valley. Haney traveled from San Francisco to New Westminster on Capt. John Irving's steamer, *Reliance*, to the municipality of Maple Ridge in the district of New Westminster with his father-in-law, Daniel Callaghan and sons.

Prior to purchasing any land, he had to make sure there was clay suitable for brick making. This pathfinder explored both sides of the Fraser to find clay. His wife, Ann, and one-year-old, Mary Florence, came shortly after that same year. After finding some clay-filled land and hearing rumors of the railroad, the Haney family promptly bought 160 acres from the Wickwire brothers for \$1,000.

Ann Haney was to become one of the first white women to settle in the area, bringing with her the skill of dressmak-

ing, which was her career before she married Thomas. They first lived in the old Anglican Church manse across the river from their property before moving into a cabin to wait for the Haney residence to be completed. They were able to move into their new home in 1878.

These trailblazing pioneers worked hard to build an economy for the new area of settlement. Thomas Haney founded the town of Port Haney only six years after his arrival. He was responsible for starting the first brick yard. He sold the brick yard after 11 years to start a livery stable. The horses he raised there were rented for work such as the Allouette Dam. Haney and his son, Daniel, also installed the first water works.

**H**aney was a devout Roman Catholic. Mass was held in the family home every Sunday until 1881 when he donated land for the building of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, which was named after the family's patron saint. It was the first Catholic church in the area, and he helped build it on his property. He also donated land for the Presbyterian church, constructed in 1888. It was surprisingly broad-minded for an 1880s Irish Roman Catholic man to donate land

for a Protestant church building.

The Haney family took care of St. Patrick's Church and housed visiting clergy. There were six children in the Haney family. From oldest to youngest they were: Mary, Jeremiah, Daniel, Ann, Elizabeth and Margaret. When Thomas's daughter, Mary Florence, died of diphtheria at age 11, Margaret was only three days old. The closest Catholic cemetery

was in Mission City. So they took the body of their eldest child by steamship up the Fraser River to be buried in St. Mary's Mission Cemetery. Today, there is a painting of Mary Florence, created for her parents after her death, hanging in the living room of the original farm house.

As I stepped onto the porch of the old Haney house, I felt as though I were walking into another time. I mused over an old pair of boots by the door. This time-honored, rustic

farmhouse stands on the verge of a slope, with a commanding view of the Fraser River to the south and mountain ranges to the north. I am told that Thomas sat on the balcony of the master bedroom to watch the steamers and paddlewheelers go by.

The home is white with wooden siding and green trim. Two brick chimneys rise through the roof and a trellised balcony overhangs the front porch, where tea is still served every Sunday. The house went through minor changes over the last century until it was renovated to its original state in 1979. After Ann Haney died in 1931, daughter Elizabeth owned the house and it remained in her care until 1979. Elizabeth sold the house to the District of Maple Ridge for one dollar then moved into a nursing home where she lived until her death in 1981.

It's impossible to separate the house from the man who built and lived in it for 36 years, before his death in 1916.

Haney was once just a few farming homesteads nestled along the river called the Stahlo by the Katzie First Nation people. The community fulfilled Thomas Haney's vision for it and it upholds the community spirit he exhibited. Schools, churches and businesses bear the Haney name with pride. ■



The Haney house in Haney, B.C.

Ken McGonigal



# DECEMBER'S COSMIC EVENTS

By Stan Shadick

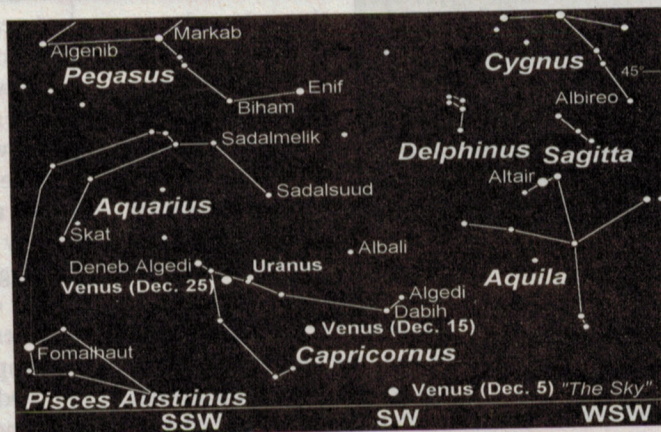
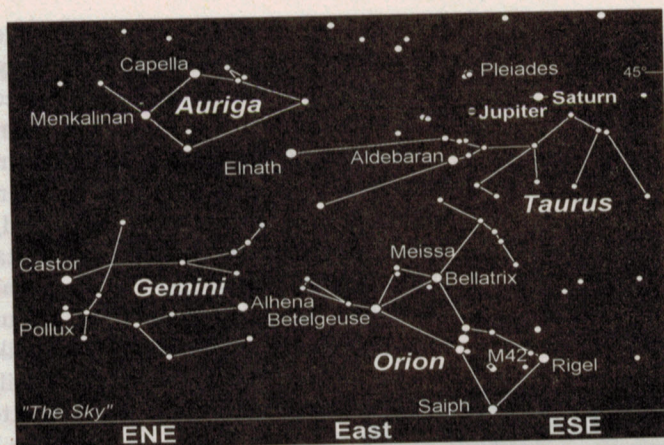
**As** we celebrate the passage of the final month of the 20th century, skywatchers will be treated to a variety of exciting cosmic happenings.

Situated above our eastern horizon, the planets Jupiter and Saturn appear to be competing in a cosmic rodeo event as they ride the back of Taurus, the Bull. If you have access to a small telescope, then take a close look at these planets. The view of Saturn's awesome rings is an unforgettable sight.

A telescopic view of Jupiter reveals that it is accompanied by a retinue of four large moons that were discovered by Galileo in 1610. Each circuits the giant planet much faster than our moon's leisurely, month-long orbit around Earth.

Callisto, the outermost Jovian moon, requires 16.7 days to complete its revolution. The middle two moons, Europa and Ganymede, win the silver and bronze medals as they complete the race around Jupiter in 3.6 and 7.2 days, respectively. The gold winner is Io. Holding the inside track, it laps the other moons several times as it finishes the race in only 1.7 days.

As the moons revolve around Jupiter, they frequently disappear from sight as they pass in front of or behind the giant planet. On the evening of Dec. 7, Io vanishes behind Jupiter's western limb at 9:41



**Top: Jupiter, Saturn, Taurus and Gemini above the eastern horizon, three hours after sunset in December.**  
**Above: Venus and Uranus above the southwestern horizon.**

pm CST (8:41 MST) and emerges on the planet's eastern side only 2.5 hours later at 12:08 CST (11:08 MST).

On Dec. 12, it is Europa's turn to perform a disappearing act. It vanishes from Jupiter's western edge at 6:08 pm CST and reappears on Jupiter's opposite side at 9:36 pm CST. On this evening, our moon joins the giant planets on the back of Taurus.

The annual Geminid Meteor Shower peaks on the evening of Dec. 13. If the sky is clear and you watch carefully about two hours after sunset, you may spot a meteor flash overhead every few minutes. The meteors will appear to emanate out of Gemini constellation in the east. Later in the evening, moonlight will wash out the

heavens, making it difficult to observe the fainter meteors.

On Christmas Day, the New Moon will take on the role of a cosmic cookie monster and chomp away at the sun's disk. This rare solar eclipse will begin about 8:20 am MST in Alberta and about 9:30 am CST in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. The maximum eclipse occurs 1.5 hours later when the top half of the sun's disk will be covered by the moon.

Observing solar eclipses can be dangerous. Blindness may occur if you stare at the sun without proper eye protection. Suitable eclipse-viewing glasses are sold by several companies that advertise on the internet.

Alternatively, you may safely view the image of the Sun projected onto a sheet of paper or cardboard. Make a pinhole in a large sheet of cardboard and hold it at least 50 centimetres above a second white sheet. If you position it correctly, a projected solar image will be cast onto the bottom sheet as sunlight passes through the pinhole. Plans for more elaborate pinhole projectors are available at [www.earthview.com/observation/safeviewing.htm](http://www.earthview.com/observation/safeviewing.htm) on the internet.

This spectacular event is the final eclipse of the second millennium. We won't witness another partial solar eclipse of this magnitude until 2012. Enjoy. ■



# KING OF THE FOREST

Column No. 1,593  
 by Doug Gilroy

**H**ave you ever had the experience of walking through the woods and noticing a moose staring at you from somewhere ahead? That's the way it was for me when I took this picture. It was taken while I was visiting Prince Albert National Park a summer or two ago. Interestingly, moose are now being seen where you never dreamed of seeing one.

A friend who farms near Davidson, Sask., says he's encountered moose twice in this parkland area. Hazel Paton, who lives near Oxbow, Sask., says that they are now seeing moose quite often on their farm. In fact, she has said she feels a little leery about going for a ride on her horse. She's afraid if a moose is around it might spook her horse and she would end up sitting on the ground.

As one might expect, moose are found in the Moose Mountain area in southeastern Saskatchewan. They are rather solitary creatures and prefer heavily wooded areas of the parklands, especially where the aspens merge into the evergreen belt. The moose pictured here is a young female or cow.

Environment Canada estimates there are between 500,000 and one million moose in Canada, scattered in the forested areas from the Alaska boundary to the eastern tip of Newfoundland. To northerners, moose remain an important food source, both

for humans and other animals in the food chain, including bears, wolves and scavengers such as ravens.

I find moose beautiful, in a homely way. In color, they can vary from dark brown to reddish or greyish brown, with lighter colored "stockings." Their thick hides and dense coats provide protection from

winter's cold. Their long, thin legs allow them to walk through undergrowth or deep water with ease. However, the effect is almost comical when these spindly legs are combined with the massive

shoulders, large nose and overhanging lip. Despite all this, the moose has a regal bearing. In fact, the bull moose, with its full spread of palmate antlers, is often described as "king of the forest."

Hunters prize moose for those antlers, which can grow as large as 175 centimetres across, almost as much as for the tasty meat.

October is the breeding season for moose. This is when the big bulls do battle for the favor of a cow, and those of us who have seen it would agree it is quite a scene. This fighting fulfills the purpose of the massive antlers. When the breeding season, or rut, is over, the connection between antler and skull weakens and the antlers eventually fall off.

In spring, a new pair of antlers starts to grow. During the growing period they are covered with a soft, brownish skin. At this stage, they are said to be in the velvet. By fall, the antlers are developed, and the

velvet loosens, cracks, and hangs from the antlers in shreds. The animal then cleans them off by rubbing them against trees and branches. After the velvet is completely shed, the white antlers begin to stain brown.

Baby moose, called calves, are usually twins, born in May. Unlike members of the deer family, the calves are not spotted.

In his *Field Book of North American Mammals*, H.E. Antony notes that moose browse on twigs and shrubbery and also spend much time in the water searching for the water plants growing in shallow northern lakes. Sometimes they get these plants by submerging only the head and part of the neck, but if the water is deeper they dive to be completely under the water.

Oddly, where moose are found in Europe, they are referred to as elk. In Canada, the elk, also known as the wapiti, is a distinctly different animal. Both elk and moose are members of the deer family. ■



**Moose at  
 Prince Albert  
 National Park.**





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# I want to know!

**Q:** Why do bats hang upside down?

**A:** As if bats weren't spooky enough with their hairy bodies, leathery wings and rodent-like faces, they would also rather snooze dangling from a tree branch than roosting on one. If you looked at a bat's body, you would notice its knees bend backward and its legs are very light in comparison with its body mass. This helps the bat to steer in flight, but it makes roosting upright very difficult, if not impossible. Bats have special tendons that "lock" their toes in place so they can cling to objects without having to use any energy to hang on. They actually have to flex their muscles in order to let go.

Hanging upside down also protects the bats from predators — bats can tuck away on the ceilings of caves, under branches and other places that keep them out of the grasp of most other animals. Bats are nocturnal, sleeping during the day and emerging at night to feed. Most bats are insectivorous (they eat bugs) — one brown bat can catch 1,200 mosquitoes in just one hour. Other bats eat fruit, pollinating the plants as they forage and dispersing seeds in their guano (dung). Guano is valued as rich fertilizer material.

Did you know bats are in the same scientific class as humans? Bats are mammals, which are warm-blooded animals that have hair, bear live young and feed their babies milk. There are nearly 1,000 species of bats, and they

live on every continent except Antarctica. Bats find their prey using echolocation, calculating where an object is by emitting a short, high-frequency sound pulse and listening how the pulse "bounces" off the object. Fishing bats have echolocation so sophisticated they can detect a minnow's fin as fine as a human hair protruding just two millimetres above the water.

Myths abound about bats — that they are blind, carry rabies, attack people in their sleep and swoop down to become entangled in the hair of frightened people who happen to disturb them. In fact, less than half of one percent of bats carry rabies. Those that do usually only bite in self-defence and are not a threat if left alone. Bats, especially fruit bats, have keen eyesight and sense of smell. Vampire bats do feed on blood but prefer a good cow ankle to a human neck. Doctors may soon use an anti-coagulant (anti-clotting material) from the vampire bat's saliva to treat heart patients.

You can learn more about bats by visiting [www.batcon.org](http://www.batcon.org) — or watch the night sky sometime. You never know who you'll see hanging around.

— Michelle

## We tackle your questions

Send your questions to I want to know! c/o KIDSPIN, Box 2500, Saskatoon, Sask. S7K 2C4 or e-mail us at [kidspin@producer.com](mailto:kidspin@producer.com).

Mom

Adora Waldner, 10  
Somerset, Man.

Mom is special

I love her

She gladly talks to my baby sister,  
while feeding her a bottle.

She gently rubs my back,  
while I sit beside her.

It makes me happy  
just to look at her  
with one of her warm smiles.

as if to say,

I LOVE YOU!

April  
morning

Nikki Lewchuk, 12  
Blaine Lake, Sask.

When you wake up in an April morn,  
you see the birds

that have just been born.

All the flowers in bloom,  
you've never seen such a sight.

With the fluffy blue clouds,  
and the sun so bright.

But April does never stay the same,  
not always amazing and bright,  
not always a beautiful sight.

Although April is a wonderful season,  
a season of honesty and reason.

So enjoy April while you can,  
because it may not always be there.

A new season will begin,  
a new season of love and care.

It is called May.



# PEANUTS Classics



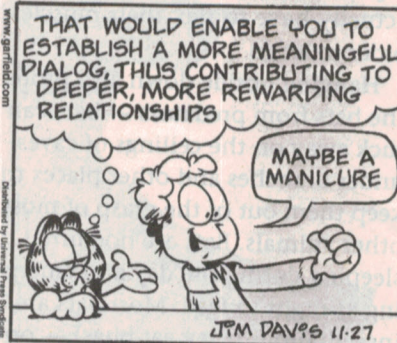
# RURAL ROOTZ



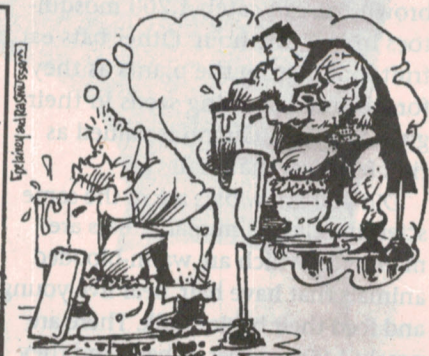
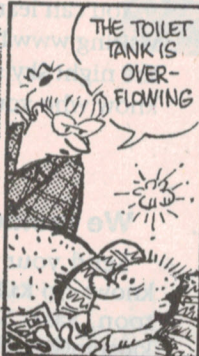
# For BETTER or for WORSE



# GARFIELD



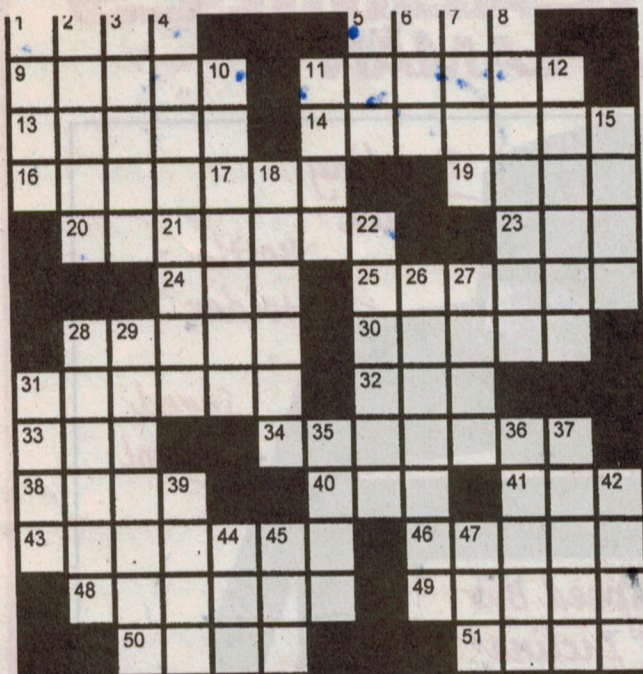
# BETTY





# Canadian Criss Cross

by Walter D. Feener

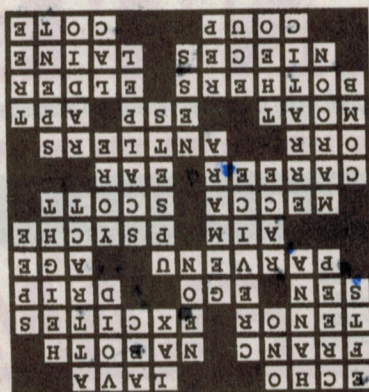


## ACROSS

1. Code word for e
5. Molten matter
9. 100 centimes
11. Owner of a vineyard that Ahab coveted
13. Purport
14. Turns on
16. One hundredth of a rupiah
17. Self-centeredness
19. Cornice projection
20. Nouveau riche
23. Lifetime
24. Intention
25. Princess loved by Cupid
28. Holy city of Islam
30. 'The Wizard of the North'
31. Profession
32. Musical taste
33. Bruin, once
34. Rudolph's horns
38. Castle's protection
40. Clairvoyance
41. Bright
43. Inconveniences oneself
46. Senior
48. Sisters' daughters
49. Cleo or Frankie
50. successful stroke
51. Pigeon coop
18. Talmud's second part
21. Ethnic group
22. Knocks over
26. Surgeon's knife
27. Of old days
28. Dark red
29. Wandering
31. Toothed instrument
35. Promontory
36. Marconi's field
37. Exhausted
39. Vincent Van Gogh's brother
42. Perennial plant
44. Triangular shield
45. Good name, for short
47. Varnish ingredient

## DOWN

1. Newts
2. Go on all fours
3. Barbera's partner
4. Lennon's love
5. Not compact
6. they precede D
7. Empty space
8. Fascinate
10. Fissure in a rock
11. sign gas
12. Distance upwards
15. Graf



# MAILBOX

Lists are free but only run once. Please be brief. Issues are prepared three weeks in advance of publication date. Send info to: Mailbox, Western People, Box 2500, Saskatoon S7K 2C4.

**Wanted:** Toy model of a 1918 Rumley Oil-Pull 16-30. Looking desperately. — L. Fahlman, Box 23, Fillmore, Sask. S0G 1N0, e-mail: ld.fahlman@sympatico.ca, 306-722-3365.

**Wanted:** Left leg or entire body for a Chatty Cathy doll. — Margaret Emmons, Box 13, Melaval, Sask. S0H 2Z0, 306-472-3712.

**Wanted:** Any crocheted edging or doilies, pineapple preferred, embroidery patterns you do not want. Please send to: Eva Sayers, 102 - 255 - 17 Ave. N.E., Calgary, Alta. T2E 1L9.

**Dannevirke** Lutheran Church history books that include church history and family histories of congregation: 60th anniversary book up to 1983, \$25; 75th anniversary book up to 1998, \$40. Orders that are to be mailed must include \$6 for shipping. Contact: Dannevirke Lutheran Church, Box 430, Redvers, Sask. S0C 2H0.

**Lomond** and district history book, 919 pages, \$25 plus \$6 shipping or two books for \$45. Make cheque payable to Lomond Drop-In, Box 53, Lomond, Alta. T0L 1G0.

**Reflections** - Dalum and area (Danish pioneer settlement south of Drumheller), published in 1990. \$40 per copy plus \$3 postage and handling. Order from: M. Rasmussen, 402 - 16th St. E., Drumheller, Alta. T0J 0Y5, 403-823-9795.

**Birch River** and District Homecoming 2001 Cookbook. — A collection of 800 favorite family recipes. \$15 per book plus \$6 postage for 1, 2 or 3 books. — Box 13, Birch River, Man. R0L 0E0. For information call Georgina, 204-236-4676 or e-mail: duguy@mb.sympatico.ca.

**Wanted:** Music and words to song The Answer is Blowing in the Wind. — Glenn Goossen, Box 244, Rosenort, Man. R0G 1W0.

**Wanted:** Patons Beehive 2556, green, needlepoint tapestry wool. — Lisa Hofer, Box 69, High Bluff, Man. R0H 0K0.

**Would** the lady who phoned about having Over 2000 Place Names of Alberta by Eric J. Holmgren and Patricia M. Holmgren please call again. — Gregory Pelz, Box 155, Hay Lakes, Alta. T0B 1W0, 780-672-7247.

**Wanted** to buy: Baileys miniature houses — were promos on Irish Crème bottles, etc. Houses are small and Baileys is printed on each one. — H. White, Box 505, Stettler, Alta. T0C 2L0.

## MICROSCOPIC LIFE

Word Find puzzle  
by Janice M. Peterson

When all the words in the list have been found, the letters left over will spell the solution.

N O T K N A L P R O T O Z O A  
U D L E E U W E N H O E K V S  
N S A Y R E V O C S I D D I E  
O R E N T T H E L A B I S R T  
I B A F G O O S M A U E L A I  
T A L L U E T O S Q H S E L S  
C C M S U L R T I T S C P I A  
U T W I D L S L N A T I O N R  
D E E Z C I L Y B S S E C F A  
O R I E T R S E F E O N S E P  
R L V O S O O E C U H C O C F  
P A R T T M E B A I N E R T L  
E P U O A L G A E S N G C I U  
R D H V I R U S E S E U I O I  
Y P S M S I N A G R O S M N D

Algae  
Amoebas  
Bacteria  
Danger  
Discovery  
Diseases  
Fluid  
Fungi  
Host  
Leeuwenhoek  
(Antony van)  
Liquid

Microbes  
Microscope  
Organisms  
Parasites  
Photosynthesis  
Plankton  
Protists  
Protozoa  
Reproduction  
Science  
Size  
Study

The Lab  
Uni-cellular  
Useful  
View  
Viral Infection  
Viruses

Solution  
(13 letters):

Too small  
to see



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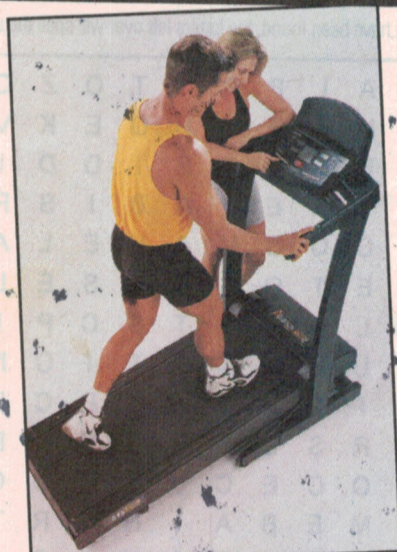
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